

Ghost, Mad Max Was An Amateur

Raise up the anchors and seal up the cracks
Self hate and microphones, we'll re-trace the maps
A beat up guitar and an amp I got for free
I compile blurred still frames from the blacktop seas

Weary bodies can't rest
We keep on moving

With a ringing in my ears and dust in my blood
With an empty wallet and a hungry soul
I don't have much to show, but I've got some stories to tell

College towns and apartment floors
We repeat nocturnally and leave out the backdoor
We fight like brothers and party like thieves
Excess and irony, alcohol and trees

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